

Harry Chapin, Country Dreams

This phone's growing into my ear
I made three hundred calls today,
Though yours is the only voice that I wanna hear
I got to make me a living someway.
I know you hate me doing this
You say I'm selling out,
But how in the hell is a mad s'posed to live?
Selling's what it's all about.
Hello, Sir, I'm the Pocano Land
Development Company,
And I'm calling you with an offer of some land
That you'll just have to see.
A quarter-acre plot, that's what I've got for you
Nineteen ninety-five, four hundred dollars down
And just ten bucks a week
It's two short hours from New York City,
A Pocano Land Site green and pretty.
There's lakes there, and trout streams,
Mountain views, Country Dreams,
Contry Dreams.
We dreamed our dreams in college, girl
Back then we thought we should,
And we promised that we would save the world
Way back then we thought we could.
I know you love your teaching now, but I wish you'd understand,
There aren't that many jobs around, I'm doing the best I can.
Hello, Sir...
I'm here with forty other guys
Crowded in a room,
Making a living selling the moon
And rustic dreams in June.
I used to hate the city now I'm dwelling in it,
Used to love the country now I'm selling it.
I'm doing well at it,
That's the hell of it!
I said that we would find a farm
And live out on the land,
It's strange how dreams come back at us
In ways that we had never planned.
Here I'm selling real estate
And laughing at myself,
If I can't have my country dream
I'm gonna sell it out to somebody else!
Darling, don't get mad at me
I'm doing this for you,
It's really not so sad to see we had
Growing up to do.
Please don't push me anymore
It's gonna work out fine,
I know I said I'd quit before
But just give me a little more time.